



THE LIBERATOR.

Our Country is the World, our Countrymen are all Mankind.

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The Liberator.

LETTERS FROM ENGLAND. NO. VI.

BIOGRAPHY OF GEO. THOMPSON, ESQ.

BY WILLIAM FARMER, ESQ.

During the time that Mr. Thompson was thus

engaged in working to advance the object of the An-

ti-Corn Law League, he was also, from time to time,

occupied in promoting a reform of the government

of India. By the investment of a sum of money,

which had been subscribed as a testimonial to him,

he became proprietor of East India stock, and there-

upon, by a series of qualifications to sit and vote in the

General Court of the Company. Soon after taking his

seat, he drew the attention of the body to the in-

iquitous system of landed tenures prevalent in In-

dia; and warmly espoused the cause of the Rajah of

Satara, a noble and virtuous prince, who had been

deprived of his throne by the iniquitous proceedings

instituted against him by the Company's agents in In-

dia.

It was a tacit but well-understood principle of the

old East India Government, never to acknowledge a

political error, however patent it might be to the

world, and however grievous to its victims the in-

justice resulting from it; hence the refusal of the

Rajah to Appa Sahib and his adopted son. Every

appeal successfully prosecuted invited other efforts,

and destroyed the assumed infallibility of the British

authorities in India. An incident, however, occurred,

during the Satara debates at the India House,

which served to illustrate the extraordinary oratorical

powers which Mr. Thompson possessed at that time.

A special court was convened upon re-

quisition, to take into consideration the propriety of

a reconsideration of the case of the Rajah of Satara.

The Directors had a double motive for getting

into a debate; first, the desirability of a long and

discussion upon a subject so damaging to their repu-

tation as rulers of India; and, secondly, because

they were desirous of going to a grand civic ban-

quet, to be given that day. After the reading of

the requisition convening the court, and before a

record of the case from which it had been called

had been given, the chairman moved the adjourn-

ment of the court—a motion which he knew he

would carry by the dumb votes of the retainers of

the Board. The friends of the Rajah present

drew up a written protest against the unjust and

indecent proceeding; and whilst it was being

perused, Mr. Thompson rose, and in a few words

entered the building. He inquired of the chair-

man whether he might speak upon the question of

adjournment; the reply was in the affirmative. He

thereupon commenced a review of the whole case.

After having spoken for some four hours, he requested

a half-hour's adjournment, which was granted; but

as though change of time and place would overcome

the insuperable obstacles which had been raised to

the plan of virtually whitewashing slavery! The

American deputations, which, with one exception,

did not consent to the excommunication of sla-

very, and the other delegates, could not get into

the hall, and the whole kingdom had become

prettily well warmed up to the subject. At Man-

chester, Mr. Thompson and the American delega-

tion were holding crowded meetings, at the very time

when the alliance were making another effort to

hatch a plot to produce a riotous meeting. It was

ultimately found that the readiest way to get

out of the dilemma was to eat the leek; and, conse-

quently, with an ill-suppressed feeling of mortifica-

tion that slavery had not been permitted to slip into

the alliance, and only one in the majority, on Sir

Culling's motion. It was now left to each country

to form its own opinion. The American delegates

became a member of the ecumenical alliance. The

pro-slavery character of the American delegates was

proved by the fact that fifty-nine of them were in

the minority, and only one in the majority, on Sir

Culling's motion. It was now left to each country

to form its own opinion. The American delegates

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pro-slavery character of the American delegates was

proved by the fact that fifty-nine of them were in

the minority, and only one in the majority, on Sir

"Proclaim Liberty throughout all the land, to all

the inhabitants thereof."

"I lay this down as the law of nations. I say that mil-

itary authority takes, for the time, the place of all mu-

nicipal institutions, and SLAVERY AMONG THE REST;

and that, under that state of things, so far from its being

true that the States where slavery exists have the exclusive

management of the subject, not only the PARLIAMENT OF

THE UNITED STATES, but the COMMANDER OF THE ARMY,

HAS POWER TO ORDER THE UNIVERSAL EMAN-

CIPATION OF THE SLAVES." From the instant

that the slaveholding States become the theatre of a war,

civil, servile, or foreign, from that instant the war power

of Congress extends to interference with the institution of

slavery, in EVERY WAY IN WHICH IT CAN BE INTERFERED

WITH, from a claim of indemnity for slaves taken or de-

stroyed, to the seizure of States, burdened with slavery, to

a foreign power. . . . It is a war power. I say it is a war

power; and when your country is actually in war, whether

it be a war of invasion or a war of intervention, Congress

has power to carry on the war, and MUST CARRY ON THE

WAR, ACCORDING TO THE LAWS OF WAR; and by the laws of war,

an invaded country has all its laws and municipal institu-

tions swept by the board, and MARTIAL POWER TAKES THE

PLACE OF THEM. When two hostile armies are in martial

array, the commanders of both armies have power to em-

ancipate all the slaves in the invaded territory."—J. Q. ADAMS.

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THE MARYLAND OF THE FUTURE.

The good time for Maryland is coming more rapidly

than her best and truest friends had ever dared to

hope, and her regeneration will be effected with

but few of the pangs that usually accompany the

birth of a State. Maryland has gained already

by the war more than any other State; more than

any of the free States; for she has gained freedom,

and how much does that count?—more than any

other of the slave States, for the freedom which the

war will bring to them, as to her, is balanced in

them by desolated farms and cities and villages, and

by the overthrow of the forms of society which she

has only had such a taste of as she has made her

feel how blessed it is not to have it.

The future Maryland is already visible in the

present; the coming blessings are casting their

shadows before. One of the glories of the renewed

Maryland will be a new sort of liberty, the liberty

that loosens the tongue and unshackles the press

upon every question which human beings have a

right to think of and to discuss. The laws are said to

be silent in war. But if the war is for the right,

and comes with its sword and cannon where wrong

is created into law, the fettered right is apt to take

age and open its mouth against its oppressors, and

the canonized forms of wickedness are boldly

called in question. What a glorious day it is for an

oppressed people when a crusade of righteousness

strikes down its tyrant! How the patriot orators

delate themselves; how even the lowest of the

people try their tongues on the new vocabulary; how

the women and children shout the opinions of

husbands, lovers, and brothers, in sheer wantonness

of new-found liberty, and in spite against tyrants!

This is what is now taking place in Maryland.

The usually ghastly front of war wears in Maryland

a holiday smile for all, except the friends of the

rebellion and slavery. The loosened tongue and

the emancipated press are drunk with the new lib-

erty. The long-crested eagles take their revenge by

flying higher than birds of their own feather usual-

ly do. They intend to let the world know that they

are free; and they want to know how free

feels—how it feels to fly outside of wire and

without a tether. And these attempts are by no

means failures. You would think in looking over

the newspapers of the State that you had taken up

the New York Tribune, or the Evening Post, by

mistake. In reading the proceedings of the State

Union Convention at Baltimore, you might suspect

from the noble fury with which they nominate their

candidate for the Presidency, and especially from

the speech of Colonel Cresswell, that you had gotten

into a Massachusetts Convention. The whole State

speaks a new language, has entered a new

and strange career, the preparation for a glorious

coming history.

Another of the results of the war, for Maryland,

and one which is already beginning to appear, will

be a general system of public schools, which shall

network the whole State. When, in the year

four years ago in the State legislature, it was met by

a member from one of the chief slaveholding

counties with the objection that such a measure would

abolish the whole State. Wicked as the objection

was, it was true. The reason why such a propo-

sition could be ventured was, because Baltimore,

whose representatives made up the majority, was

infected with the anti-slavery heresy. And the reason

of this infection, again, was that Baltimore

has possessed for many years a system of public

schools equal perhaps to any in the nation. A

whole generation of Baltimoreans, the poor as well

as the rich, had gone to school.

The legislature now in session has before it this

question of public schools for the whole State. So

quickly does light follow on the heels of liberty, as

before liberty had trodden on the heels of light.

These twin sisters of Divine Providence cannot dwell

long apart. The result will be the enlightenment

and elevation of the masses of the State. What

are the non-slaveholding whites of the far South?

The answer is, that many only differ from the blacks

in being more stupid, worse clothed, more

lazy, and of lighter color. Public schools would

have made them men; but to make them men

have made

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Poetry.

For the Liberator.

LINES.

'Dress'd to do as kind of brumbug Judge, who say do
darkies no citizens, and had no rights he bound to
'spect. America our home!

I say do country be our home—
Dis be our native spot ob earth;
From where'er our fathers come,
Dis be the land dat gib us birth.

I say we nat'l citizens,
More'n day dat born a great way off,
And come from mountains, bogs or fens,
To share our labors, bread an' broff.

You say no call us citizen,
Doe born out of sacred soil;
Why so you call our children den?
You say they dat neber tell!

You say no American,
Because our fathers Africa's sons;
How 'bout de blood dat in you runs,
It's alien?—be our Englishman?

Or Irish—German—Spaniards—French—
From every clime you fathers come;
You madders every kind ob wench,
Come here, and make you happy home.

And will you tell you Father's son,
Because he skin ob darker dye,
Dis country free for every one,
Save him poor chile ob Africa?

Who gib you right to fix de ban
On any chile you Father make?
De Eternal's signet stamp'd him MAN—
Respect him for our Father's sake!

If you would hab you nation stand,
Build on de everlasting rock;
Ob Justice—building on de sand
Not good to med de flooding shock.

Make you foundations broad and deep—
Be sure let justice be you stay,
Lest when de mity deluge sweep,
It wash you rubbish all away!

You find de floods be pouring now,
You rubbish going by de board,
You build again—please de woe,
So build to please de righteous Lord.

Den He, who make de sun and stars,
Stretch out to you de friendly hand;
Wid Gilead's balsam heal you scars,
And pour de blessings on you land!

Old Copy.

For the Liberator.

ANCIENT AND SOUTHERN CHIVALRY CONTRASTED.

The knight went forth in olden times,
With plumed helm, and lance in rest,
To clear the land of wrongs and crimes;
To aid the weak, right the oppress'd.

In the olden days of Chivalry,
The Southern knight goes armed forth,
With whip, and chain, and yoke, and brand,
To seize on all of diller's worth.

And force them till, unpaid, the land,
In the days of Southern Chivalry.
The olden knight feared God, and laws;
He kept his heart and life still pure;

The wronged called him to right their cause,
And felt 'neath his strong arm secure,
In the olden days of Chivalry.
The Southern knight will his own laws;

He leads such as suits his taste;
No suppliant trusts him with his cause—
His land and living run to waste,
In the days of Southern Chivalry.

TAMM ARMY.

TAKE NO STEP BACKWARD!

TAKE NO STEP BACKWARD! THE THIRTY-THIRD CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES.

Take no step backward! The eternal Ages
Look down upon you from their height sublime,
And witness the events which history's pages
Shall class among the noblest of all time.

Right onward now the path of duty lies,
Though it may lead to dangers that appal;
"Right onward! onward!" Justice sternly cries,
And Mercy joins with Justice in the call.

Take no step backward! Centuries of oppression
Are calculating midst our Nation's throes;
And wrong that might have stood, with fair concession,
Yields to the force of self-inflicted blows.

The hand grown horny in the life-long labor
That clothed and pampered those who held it bound,
Now grasps the gun, or wields the flashing sabre,
And wins and wears its honors on the ground.

Take no step backward! Confidant, or chafetel,
Or slave, or "person," what you will—
And if we stand or fall in this dread battle,
God leads the bandman from his thrall again.

The pillar of a cloud by day is passing
The atmosphere where'er the battle lies:
The pillar of a fire by night is blazing
Where configuration paints you Southern skies.

Take no step backward! Ye have sorely smitten,
At hip and thigh, the Evil and the Wrong;
What ye have said, now verify! What written,
Seal with the seal of action, broad and strong.

Be not alarmed at apparitions dire
Of flaming words that battle into view:
The element that purifies is fire:
Pass firmly on, and resolutely through.

Take no step backward! Ye, whom God now uses
To solve the problems of Man's destiny;
To rectify his wrongs, right his abuses,
The grand accomplishment ye may not see:

But in the future, in the years of glory,
That peace restored shall bring our land again—
Your names shall glitter in the noblest story
That celebrates the deeds of noble men.

Kentucky, Jan. 8, 1864. W. B. G.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

TO COL. ROBERT G. SHAW AND THE FIFTY-FOURTH MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEERS.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

At last, at last, each flowing star
In that pure field of heavenly blue,
On every people shining far,
Burns to its utmost promise true.

Hopes in our fathers' hearts that stirred,
Justice, the seal of peace, long scorned,
O perfect peace! to long deferred,
At last, at last, your day has dawned.

Your day has dawned; but many an hour
Of storm and blood, of doubt and tears,
Across the eternal sky must lower,
Before the glorious sun appears.

And not for us that noble glow,
For us the strife and toil shall be;
But welcome toil, for now we know
Our children shall that glory see.

At last, at last, O Stars and Stripes!
Tensured in your birth by Freedom's flame,
Your purifying lightning words
Out from our history's shame.

Stand to your faith, America!
Sad Republic, listen to our call:
Up to your manhood, Africa!
That glorious flag floats over all.

And when the hour seems dark with doom,
Your sacred banner, lifted higher,
Shall flash away the gathering gloom
With inextinguishable fire.

Pure as its white the future see!
Bright as its red is now the sky!
Fixed as its stars the faith shall be,
That nerves our hands to do or die!

The Liberator.

JOHN BROWN MEETING AT MEADVILLE.

A call, signed by a majority of the students of the Meadville Theological School for a meeting at the Meadville House "to commemorate the martyrdom of John Brown," was well responded to by the citizens.

The meeting was called to order by Geo. H. Young, who proposed the following list of officers, which was unanimously adopted:

For President, Charles H. Ellis; for Vice President, Joshua Douglass; for Secretary, Wm. A. Wilson.

On taking the chair, Mr. Ellis stated, briefly, the object of the meeting.

Rev. A. Porter then read selections from Job. 29 and Matthew 25.

The hymn, "Blow ye the trumpet blow," was then sung, followed by an earnest prayer by Mr. Porter.

Mr. Joshua Douglass being called on, said he was always willing to state his position on this subject.

John Brown was an earnest, whole-souled opponent of that vile system of bondage, slavery—and as such, he revered him. The question of his military ability was a foreign one; his movement, in a military point of view, may have been masterly of otherwise; he left that for others to settle.

John Brown was true to his principles. Let us accord to him the honor of sincere love of the right, and a self-forgetting pursuit of the object in which his life was sacrificed.

To John Brown, the grand idea of life was duty. To do his duty was his whole purpose. In that he forgot everything else. It absorbed all. Politicians often say that success is a duty. To him, duty was the highest success; with it, failure was impossible.

The great work of freedom was unfinished when he left it, but his work was done; and with that conviction he went to the scaffold with the lightest heart in Virginia. As he was being led out of prison, he saw a little negro child in his mother's arms looking up into his face with his timid baby eyes. He stopped, kissed it affectionately, and moved on in his grand triumphal march of victory over death. The act was symbolic of his life. The love of children, so strong in his sweet, loving nature, and the heroic love of outraged justice, of which that child was a fit representative, were both combined in that little but expressive act. The sun is in his greatest beauty only when finishing his day's labor of giving life and light to this rolling world. His rays are reflected from clouds and mists in all their various colors, as he goes down in all the glory of departing day. So this life of freedom and justice to humanity, is seen in his highest beauty only when met with the colors and mists of slavery, and, throwing his bright rays of truth upon it, he goes to his rest in all the glory of a Christian martyr's death.

W. A. Wilson read selections from John Brown's last speech in court.

Prof. Bowen, of Tennessee, responded to the call upon him. He was a slaveholder at one time, having charge of a large number of slaves. Of the real object of the meeting—of his own martyrdom—he was commemorating, he knew but little. As he had been invited to speak, he could testify only of that which he knew. He then proceeded to give a history of the secession movement in his State. He labored to convince the mad secessionists, at that time, that their only hope for slavery was in the Union—that gone, slavery must die. The sequel has proved his prophecy, for not a slave (legally) breathes to-day in that State. If a slave stays with his former master, it is only because he chooses so to do—no hand can compel him to do it. Many were troubled by the highest of negro equality. He could remember the time when negroes voted, and nobody was hurt. In the event of slavery dying out, don't fear the North will be overrun by the blacks, for the underground railroad has its tracks, now, not towards the North, but towards the South.

Mr. Charles A. Allen was called upon, and alluded to an old legend of an enchanted castle, in which dwelt a sorcerer, and whatever knights approached were overpowered by her spells, and transformed into stones. But at last the knight came, whose heart was stout and stainless, over whom her magic was powerless, at whose bugle-blast her castle fell, and the knights arose in human form to aid in destroying the enchantment. Such was slavery, and such a knight was John Brown; and since his clear-toned summons shook the Slave Power to its foundation, we have seen the brave and true men of our country, who the enchantment had deceived, rising in their full manhood to take vengeance upon her.

Few intelligent men had ever questioned Brown's honesty of purpose or nobility of character; and many who had thought his course a mistake, and even impelled in part by frenzy, have been converted by the history of the two years past, and can now recognize in him a prophet who could see farther than statesmen and studious thinkers. It is fit to commemorate his name and his self-devotion, even if we cannot think it wise or far-sighted. He sacrificed himself for the principles of human rights as truly as the martyrs of our battle-fields, and in prophetic grandeur of character, as well as in priority of death, heads the long procession, and will stand forth in history as the representative spirit of this struggle. Hawthorne relates, that when the royal Governor Andrews attempted to seize the old charter by military force, a form in gray antique garb headed the citizens of Boston, and drove back the tyrant. No one recognized the people's champion, nor was he seen again, till on Lexington common the people again rallied to defend their liberties, and on Bunker Hill he appeared in the midst of battle. And so, says the legend-teller, whenever the sons of New England rise in arms for this sacred cause, this gray champion, the Spirit of Puritan devotion to freedom, will rouse them to resistance, and lead them to victory. We can truly believe that this spirit for a brief space took flesh again in our own time, and when it passed away on a Virginia scaffold, it was to go forth again on his spirit mission. And whenever the sons of America contend on battle-fields for the single cause of human liberty, this gray champion, the soul of this heroic old Puritan, will march at the head, and lead them to triumph.

George H. Young was the next speaker. He offered the following resolutions, which, later in the evening, were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, all men are created equal, and endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; therefore,

(1.) Resolved, That it is the duty of all men to lend a helping hand and voice to every cause which has for its end the elevation of mankind, and the establishing of the principles enunciated in the above preamble.

(2.) Resolved, That we meet not to sing paeans at the memory of bloodshed, not to praise "a raid against civil law," as some allege, but to express our admiration of one who dared, in the face of tyranny, to become the exponent of these principles, to give the Golden Rule practical expression, to "remember those in bonds as bound with them"; thus to actualize in life the religion of our Lord and Master.

And whereas, the civil war now raging in our land, which has already drenched a continent in blood and gore, carrying desolation to many heartshomes, is the result of an insane attempt to establish an apology for a nation on the corner-stone of human bondage; therefore,

(3.) Resolved, That duty demands of us as a nation to preserve our existence by destroying the only basis on which the Southern Confederacy professes to stand, and by breaking every yoke, carry out the grand design of the founders of the republic.

Mr. Young then said, the last of these resolves comes directly to the all-complicated question of to-day—that of the war in its complicated relations to slavery. The friend from Tennessee has told us of those "awful" times when negroes voted and their rights as men were respected, thus effectually silencing those who scoff at negro equality. Those men are entirely wrong who suppose that if the rights of the black man are acknowledged, the world will be turned upside down, and Nature's laws will not act.

We honor John Brown, not as an "insurance-ist," as some declare, for he was not such, but for his devotion to principles, as I have said in the 21st of these resolutions.

The Southern Confederacy, by the acknowledgment of Vice President Stephens, stands upon the pillar of human bondage. Knock out this prop, and that great structure which they have reared must totter and fall. By doing justice now, we shall rid ourselves of the scourge of war, and make future rebellions impossible.

Mr. Young's speech was diversified with many witty illustrations, which were well received by the audience.

Mr. Ellis, in the closing speech, said—Long ages ago, to make men free, Jesus died a painful death on Calvary. Four years ago, to make men free, John Brown died a painful death on a Virginia gallows. Christianity is the eternal monument to the one; human freedom—the liberty of regenerated America, will be the all-enduring monument to the other.

We recognize the eternal principle of liberty and the law of God in which he moved to his great work. Men called him "mad." So a Hebrew name called Jesus "mad." He felt the voice of the Most High calling him to act in behalf of human rights, and he took in his hand the battle-axe, and struck at slavery a blow that burst every chain from three millions of slaves, and gave the world assurance that universal emancipation would soon be here. We are told in Scripture that the heavens shall be rolled up as a scroll, that they shall pass away with a great noise, and that a new heaven and a new earth shall appear.

We are in the midst of that scene now. Amid the din of battle, the old state of slavery is passing away, and the new state of freedom and right is dawning over the land. John Brown is the father pioneer in this divine movement. He is the father of American liberty; the country is in her bright spring—soon all will be peace and joy. The bright Star of Freedom already hovers aloft the Southern sky, battling with Southern Sin, yet rising step by step, led on by that martyr-spirit. God grant it soon reach the zenith, and shed its warning, cheering, purifying rays over all the land! Then, John Brown's work will be done, and the memory of the martyr of the 21st December be dear to every liberty-loving soul.

After singing "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," the meeting adjourned.

The audience was not large, but very attentive, and deeply interested. The meeting held two hours and a half. The reports are short abstracts.

THE LIBERATOR.

(3.) Resolved, That duty demands of us as a nation to preserve our existence by destroying the only basis on which the Southern Confederacy professes to stand, and by breaking every yoke, carry out the grand design of the founders of the republic.

Mr. Young then said, the last of these resolves comes directly to the all-complicated question of to-day—that of the war in its complicated relations to slavery. The friend from Tennessee has told us of those "awful" times when negroes voted and their rights as men were respected, thus effectually silencing those who scoff at negro equality. Those men are entirely wrong who suppose that if the rights of the black man are acknowledged, the world will be turned upside down, and Nature's laws will not act.

We honor John Brown, not as an "insurance-ist," as some declare, for he was not such, but for his devotion to principles, as I have said in the 21st of these resolutions.

The Southern Confederacy, by the acknowledgment of Vice President Stephens, stands upon the pillar of human bondage. Knock out this prop, and that great structure which they have reared must totter and fall. By doing justice now, we shall rid ourselves of the scourge of war, and make future rebellions impossible.

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WM. ALEX. WILSON, Sec'y.

TWENTIETH U. S. COLORED REGIMENT.

RECEPTION BY THE UNITED STATES.

The Twentieth Regiment, United States Colored troops, left Riker's Island at nine o'clock on Saturday morning, on board the steamer John Rorer, and were conveyed to the foot of Twenty-sixth street, East River, where they were disembarked and formed in regular line, and marched to Union Square, arriving in front of the Union League Club-House at one o'clock.

A vast crowd of citizens of every shade of color, and every phase of social and political life, filled the square and streets; and every door, window, veranda, and balcony was thronged with spectators. The scene was peopled with spectators. Over the entrance of the Club-House was a large platform ornamented with flags and filled with ladies. In the street was another platform, tastefully decorated, and occupied by prominent citizens. From this stand the colors were presented by President Hamilton War, Mrs. Brodhead, Mrs. Bruce, and others.

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SPEECH OF CHARLES KING.

"I rejoice to see this day—I rejoice in the opportunity I am to respond in a becoming manner to the eloquent address just pronounced. While free to confess my deficiency in this respect, I yet claim for myself and my command an equal share of the patriotic ardor and love of country. In that we yield to none. (Applause.) This beautiful banner, symbolizing our race, is the one that makes death glorious beneath its folds. It is this that arouses the feelings of outraged honor when we see it trailed in the dust. How base, and how dead to all sense of honor, must that wretch be, whose brow burns not with shame and rage at the sight of this flag of his country! (Applause.) Nearly three years since, the country was shocked by the spectacle of a band of traitors tearing away the emblem of our country from a fortress over which it had floated proudly for years, and substituting in its place a miserable device of their own. Has this act been fully avenged? No! The punishment is yet to come. 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